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THE FIXED STARS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The fixed stars are those that twinkle most."

Why twinkle then, ye fixed stars?
Ye who abide no more
The Fountain of Unfailing Light,
Say, what have ye to fear?

And the Stars answered, "He who dwell
Shorten the Source of Day.
Dost know its purity, and dread
To look or shame its ray."

O, Father! while our rays of filth
Horizon the wandering course,
Permit no darkening cloud of earth
To chide its Guiding Source.

And when no more on twinkling orb
Shall sinful mortals dwell pure,
Grant it all unaltered to gaze
The Everlasting Your.

Hartford, August 1st, 1857.

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BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-SEEKER," "THE OUTCASTES OF BOSTON," "ALGIDA, THE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE TRAP!

Bion saw that he had called up a doubt in his companion's mind, and he remained silent for awhile; but when he saw how deeply troubled Jack was, he said—

"Perhaps all may be right. I have had a foolish suspicion ever since we looked at the vessel the first time, but there may be nothing in it. I guess it's all right."

"But what made ye suspect, me boy?" asked Jack, with a look and tone which seemed to indicate that he wanted his own suspicions removed.

"Why—I don't know as I could tell," the boy replied. "You know we very often hold suspicions which we cannot explain. But I thought the brig looked too wise for a merchantman; and then the captain didn't look exactly like the captains of trading vessels."

"O—I've seen merchantmen as neat and trim as could be. I guess it's all right."

"I guess it is, Jack."

"O—I'm sure of it, Bion."

"Yes, Jack."

"And then just think: If it had been anything dishonest they wouldn't 'a' took two strangers, like you and me, aboard without knowin' whether we was willin' to go in with 'em. Don't ye see?"

"I shouldn't think they would."

"Why—in course they wouldn't."

After this a few moments of silence ensued, and then Jack started up with a new thought.

"Bion, me boy," he cried, while a smile of relief played over his bronze features, "stick a pair o' foods we be, to be sure! Look at the crew, o' the brig. There wasn't only twelve men, all told—for I counted 'em. That settles the question."

"I didn't think of that," returned the boy, who also appeared to be much relieved by the proposition.

This seemed to settle the matter in Jack's mind, and he settled himself calmly down to await the coming of the captain. As he did so his eye rested upon a trunk-like structure, upon the side of the vessel, within one of the main-rooms. It was a large box, some three feet wide by three deep, and took up the whole depth of the main-room in length. It was secured to the deck overhead, and appeared to be quite stoutly secured.

"What is it?" asked Bion, who had also noticed it.

"O—I see now," cried Jack. "It's a water-tank."

At this juncture the captain returned, and having made a passing excuse for remaining so long, he asked Jack if he was ready for duty.

"Yes, sir," replied the seaman. "I'm about as strong as ever now. I was rayther worn down when I come in here seven days ago; but I've picked up fast here."

"Then you may help to get under weigh, and after that I'll find you a chest, and give you your station. Come."

Then speaking, Warton turned to the ladder, and Jack and Bion followed him. When they reached the deck the commander gave the order for hauling up the anchor; and while Jack went to the windlass, Bion was informed that he might go aloft and enjoy the lighter air.

The boy felt his heart bound with the old freedom as his feet touched the ratlines, and with flying steps he ascended to his work. The main-royal and top-gallant sails were cast loose, and then he started down and went aft and forward. He had just got the fore-top-gallant sail ready for hoisting when the order was given for unfurling the top-sails and courses. The anchor was speak, and ready for leaving the ground.

There were only twelve men beside the two new hands; but they were all able seamen, and worked with a will; and ere long the bunts of the heavy canvass were dropped, and the anchor was brought to the bows. The sails were sheeted home the yards ran up, and with a graceful sweep the brig turned her head onward and boat to the breeze.

THE GHOST IN THE HOODS OF THE WILD STAG.

"Hadn't we better pretend to join them willingly?" he queried Bion, frankly, and without fear.

"That's what I was a thinkin' of," added Jack. "We must do so. We'll do that till something else turns up. Who knows but we may get out o' this some way? We've come through some hard scrapes."

"Then we'll make 'em think we join them willingly?" said Bion.

"Yes—that's the best way."

"And if they don't fall in with some ship, and give chase, what shall we do then?"

"We'll have time to think answers now and then."

At this juncture the last gun was run out, and the captain turned towards the boys. He strutted with a dark smile playing about his eyes, and by the time he came near enough to speak, Jack had gained perfect control over his feelings, and over his face.

"Well, my man—what do you think of this?" said Warton, eyeing the old sailor sharply.

"Why, sir," returned Jack, with an apparent frankness and freedom which could not be doubted, "I think you're a fine sea-boat, with a flag of yer own."

"Ah! so. You think we are rather free in our trade, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir—I should say so."

"Perhaps you think you are on board a—*pirate?*"

"That's my thought, exactly, sir."

"Ah—well—and how do you like it?"

"Why—I think I should like it much better than bein' hanged by them cussed savages; or bein' starved adrift."

"Ah! You're of the right stamp, after all!" cried the captain, in a tone of relief. "You aren't afraid to do your duty with the rest of us?"

"When you see fear in the face of Jack Wallace, sir, I'd like to have you tell me of it. And now I may as well tell you that I've been taught a lesson, and there'd been an honest merchantman at one wharf, and you at another, and I'd loaded up both. I shouldn't 'a took the merchantman. But here I am, free from starvation and bloody headache, and while I stay here and take my pay, I'll do my duty; and I hope, sir, in return, that you'll be just and kind to Bion and to me, too."

"Good on your head, my brave old salt!" the commander exclaimed, taking Jack by the hand. "You've honest enough to tell me your real opinions, and you shall be treated accordingly. You shan't have occasion to complain while you are true to me.—And now, how is it with you, my youngster?"

"I don't know, sir, as I can answer you as yet. I suppose any man would go at work when once on board, who could not have been hired to do so. I'll tell you why I took you on as I did. I got short of hands, and had to recruit; and I thought

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can guess about how our craft's took that sort of thing. At any rate, he wrote the lord a scrap, my fac-timeable, invisible kind of a letter, threatenin' to overhaul him the first time he had a chance. The nobleman showed the letter to the Lords of Admiralty, and they just turned the young officer out of the service. And they done it, kind o' cute-like, too.

"Ye see, this lord had a good deal o' power, and he used it, too. Warton was aboard a lime-ki' battle-ship, and the fellas as had the handlin' of the boat's crew almost used it to kill the officer. Then Warton was called up, and what he'd been doin' was all told off to the officers and men. They told how bad it was for naval officers to insult British noblemen; and said as how 'e they never ought to go for to try and break the peace of noble families by rekalin' the affections of their daughters without the consent of the parents. Well—arter they'd told over all this stuff, young Warton—he was young then—was read out o' the service; the gold-lace was took off 'n his shoulder-knots, and he was druv away from the ship right afore the whole crew and the officers of the Admiralty as had come aboard.

"I tell ye, Jack, when ye come to think of it, 'twas a pooty hard case. Frank Limpton was a boy aboard the ship at the time. He has told a many little. He said as how 'e Warton clapped his hands over his face and cried out as he said that he could hear him close by for'ard: When they come to take his sword away he started back, and says: says he: 'Nine!' No! What shall handle the sword I have worn?' Then he said somethin' 'bout wishin' he could run it, he couldn't, he practice his cutting; and then give it flog overboard. He left the ship, and when he got ashore he met Sir Frank had fallen ill. He never he'd make England suffer if he had his life spared. And I think he has. But—I don't exactly know what Nelson is his bloody work."

"By Jupe o' doom," uttered Jack, after he had pondered awhile upon what he had heard, "that was hard, at any rate. I don't wonder 'at he was savage and 'revenful."

But 'tain't right, Jack," said Rogue, argumentatively.

"O—it ooze 'tain't," quickly and emphatically added Jack. "It was right enough. 'T 'ud be mighty strong ground for revenge. That's all. It ooze 'tain't right to turn pirate, mate."

"No," added Rogue, with a sympathetic shake of the head; "and he no scrape it at most sooner or later—but a bad end. As right, Jack. I don't ever I don't want to come to nothen."

"No! I don't," responded Jack, with much feeling. "And now the question is, how are we to get rid of it? How many is we to have 'gainst he that we could depend on to stand by us to the very death if necessary?"

"I can think of only four of us to all. There you and Blue; and then me, and Bentley, and Robbins, and Rolfant, and Hawkins, and O'Neil, and Dolan, and Jack Pinto. All o' these I'm sure on; but I can't find any more. There may be others, but I 'will yet by it's kind a' fiddish work to break the matter to 'em. The first breath that leaks out and sends stuff flashin' 'll be the finish."

"Well. We must keep our eyes open, and stay up to none 'tall, I guess," says Rogue, "in hopes somethin'll turn up to help us."

"And I hope 'twill turn up afore long," resumed Rogue; "for there's British ships a-lyin' in the cruisin' about arter us, and if we've taken it 'll be hard to get in for provisions now. We see, we'll have to fight, or die,—one or the two. If the shop should be overhaul us, and we refused to fight, the rest of the crew would jist be ordered to show us down; and 'twould be done, too. And we can do fight, why—how can we show the men-o'-war-men believe in our innocence? So if we fall by it with no hope we'll be fit for a man-o'-war's man."

Just now the jostlers of his companion's reasoning, and was upon the point of making some reply, when the officer of the watch hailed the top.

"Main-top, there!"

"Hallo!" returned Rogue.

"Stand by to reef topsails!"

The trio soon now noticed, for the first time, that the wind was veering, and changing from a steady breeze into half puffs. Right in this were struck—four o'clock—and all hands called. The topsails were close-reefed; the top-gallant sails taken in, and a single reef taken in the courses. After this the starboard watch went below and turned in. Jack and Rogue upon the main-top, and the rest of the berth-deck, and simply whispered,—

"Keep sharp. I've got something to think on!"

There was no opportunity to say more, for more was not safe to speak out.

It was three nights after this before Jack and his friend had an opportunity to converse in safety. On the occasion, as before, they had the main-top to themselves. It was on the first instead of the midwatch. Jack had been thinking upon the subject, and had arrived at a point which he thought worth considering.

"How is it about this sloop-o'-war?" he asked, having assured himself that no one was in the rigging below or above them. "Is she strong?"

"We don't know," returned the other. "Y' see the sloop has a set of hands—not one in four different places. There's one at Diamond Fl'ist, below Calcutta; and there's one at Hong-Kong; and there's one at Sydney, and—and, I think, one or two more. At Zangarbar we got most o' them Diamond F'ists that is here. They had left there on purpose to cruise arter us; but the man didn't know she was a-comin' here. However, I think she's turned her nose towards the Caroline, and means to keep on into the Arabian Sea."

"Have ye got any reason for thinkin' so?"

"Why—I've got thirteen. I've got three what's a number o' rich ships bound to and from Muscat, and they says 'twas that Warton 'll be arter 'em if he knows it."

"Aye, aye,—that's reason, sartin," responded Jack; "and if 'twas, then 'twas handy to fall in with her at any time."

After this Jack went on and told to his companion the plan he had formed in his mind. He said that Blue had given him the hint, and helped him work it out; but he had fixed it up, and put it into as good shape as he could. Rogue listened attentively, and when Jack had concluded he placed his hands upon his knees, and with strong emphasis said,—

"You've did it!"

"I didn't work," Jack suggested.

"If ye went the sloop we'll try hard to make it work, anyhow," was the response of the other. "We must get the others up to the main-top to-night."

From that time until the mid-watch was called the two men conversed upon the subject, and the result was, that several important privateers were more carefully arranged than before.

That very night Rogue had an opportunity to inform Matthias of their plan, and to promise to do what he could towards enlightening the others.

And, better still,—Jack Finto came down during his watch—he belonged in the forecast'e—and it will be remembered—to get the pin-jacket, and as he went to his chest he passed Jack Wallace's hammock. Jack happened to be awake, and he seized the opportunity to whisper his plans into the tall man's ears. The latter listened and questioned until he had become thoroughly initiated, and then he glided forward and turned up for first watch.

During the mid-watch Pinto had opportunity to inform the other three who were with him,—Sweeney, O'Neil and Dolan;—and on the following day the whole party had learned the plot which Jack Wallace and the boy had projected. The party was small, to be sure, but it was all that was opposed to them were thirty-nine! But they took courage, and resolved to stand by each other to the very death.

Another week passed away, and during that time the mutineers had managed to confer together as much as was necessary without exciting the least suspicion; and on the evening that time a fourth packet arrived a part of the crew. A *gharri* had been seen repeatedly,—a tall, white object, flitting hither and thither, creaking forth the most unearthly groans, and filling the mind of the more superstitious with strange dread.

Various measures had been taken to discover the cause of these mysterious visitations, but as none of them had succeeded. Watches had been set, and many a night-cap had been drawn suspiciously, but without effect. It came at night—it made its appearance in the top—then upon the poop—and if chased it might appear almost instantly upon the bowsprit. It glided among the hammocks at night, and gave forth the most terrible groans. It had spoken many times, and the words that fell from its lips were peculiar:

"*Secure me, and you are safe;—if I escape you afterwards I cannot answer for you.*" These words had been spoken repeatedly. One night they were heeded forth from the midship. Jack Wallace and Rogue came suddenly upon it in the clewgarnets in a passageway of four; but upon the instant that the latter, who had a pistol, came from the fore-top, and upon looking up the watch saw a tall, white object standing erect by the mast. A yell of fear, answered by a groan of ominous length, broke the night air, and in a moment more Donald McGuire and Mark Langdon were down the fore rigging as swiftly as possible.

The night-watch on deck only heard what was the matter. The officer of the watch told him what had happened, and he had just turned to question to ask him what he had seen, when the dismal howl was heard upon the berth-deck. Yells from the terrified sailors in the forecast'e and waist soon came breaking upon the ear, and in a moment more the entire crew was on deck.

"What is it?" demanded Warden, hurrying forward.

"O, sir!" gasped one of the frightened men—one of his most faithful villains—I see such a terrible object! Tall as the mast, white as snow, and blowing hot fumes from his mouth! And he said—if I will tell him what I see—that I—I—I didn't we'd be lost!" It was Sailor's Jack Pinto!

"Sailor 's no?" uttered Pinto, who stood close by, just as he appeared to have leaped from his hammock. "I see him, sir! I see him, sir! I'm doubled up!"

"What can he be made of?" queried the mate, who had charge of the deck. "First he appeared in the main-top; and as soon as the men came down he made his appearance in the fore-top; and then, almost before the watch in the top could slide down, he is on the berth-deck! Why heaven! what does it mean?"

"I don't know, sir!" said Mark Redland, in a tremulous, frightened tone; "but I thought his face looked like—like—like—Sailor's when he was in the fore-top. We was a-settin' on the bent at the studdin'sle'es, when I looked up and saw the face. It was tall—and white—and—and—and—I'm sure he had Frank's face. Says he to me,—'*Do ye know the crew of Saint Johns?*' says he. Then I—"

Capt. Warton started back and walked quickly aft.

Redland was not the only one who knew why the mate was so affected. Frank Warton had been of a communicative disposition, and told many things which he had seen and heard on board, and among them was the fact of Warton's having murdered one of the Saint Johns' crew, and also his son, at night, close by the cross of St. Alban, in Hertfordshire. But the captain dreamed not that Frank had told all to Jack Wallace.

After a while the officers went below again, and during the rest of the night all was perfectly quiet. There was nothing more seen of the ghost; but the spirit was not laid, and it had yet more power over the destinies of the pirates than man ever yet found in the presence of mere white-robed night-phantoms!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CREW SEIZING A VESSEL!

Jack Wallace and Rogue had formed a good plan to perfection, though the purpose for which its ghostship had been brought into being was not yet fulfilled. All the mutineers, with the exception of the deception, and then they had been enabled to produce a strong effect upon the superstitious crew. At such times as they wished to create an alarm, each one would take a white sheet, and having stowed away beneath his jacket, and then make his appearance, "all in white," upon a pre-concerted signal. So, first the mate appeared in the main-top before any examination could be made in that place; it would seem that he was then in the fore-top; and then, as some of the crew, who had seen the others ascend, were coming down, the spirit would appear upon the berth-deck, where he would "mysteriously" disappear altogether.

This had been carried on successfully, and with such effect, that those not in the secret were in a state of continuous excitement. Jack Wallace was very well that if the announcement were made that the ghost had been caught in any particular locality, the men would rush thither instanter.

By care and shrewdness the ten mutineers had managed to get possession of a pair of pistols for each man, together with powder and ball, which they had contrived to hide about them. They were also become thoroughly acquainted with each other, and the most perfect confidence was held by each towards the companion. Each was found to be a valuable hand, not only as a medium of communication between the members of the different watches, but some of his suggestions were of vast importance.

On the morning following the appearance of the ghost as last recorded, just as the watch for the forenoon was being called, the look-out upon the fore-topmast crossyards reported a sail.

"Where away?" shouted Warton, springing for ward.

"Next two points on the weather bow," was the reply.

"Can you make her out?"

"No, sir."

"Which way is she standing?"

"Can't tell, sir."

"Keep a sharp look-out."

"Aye, aye, sir."

All was excitement in a moment. The brig was now in the Arabian Sea, and near the track of vessels bound to and from Muscat. The wind was from the East, blowing about an eight-knot breeze, and consequently, with a point in one hand and caution in the other, and Ropes at the fore-tack, the brig was kept on a wind, and headed for the strange sail was quite-rigged; and in five minutes more in sail she was ship.

"Where's Blue?" cried the captain.

"Here, sir," the boy replied, hastening up.

"Take the glass and look at her. Quick."

"Aye, aye, sir." And downupon the lad took the glass, and rested it upon the rail.

"What can you make out?" cried Warton, some minutes after the look-out had reported the glass.

"She's a ship, sir,—standin' to the south'ard and east'ard. I can jest see the heads of her top'sls, sir; and they're very square, with black yards."

"No sloop-o'-war, for a cheat!" Warton exclaimed, as he heard this report.

There were more on board that brig whose hearts leaped painfully at this announcement, and more than one of them had to turn away their heads to hide emotions which they dared not have seen. It was a moment of intense delight to the few souls that had waited so eagerly for this very moment, and it was a moment of fear that none confessed enough to mingle with the others and watch the coming ship.

"Do you think she is the sloop-o'-war?" asked one of the officers, hailing the look-out.

"I'll find out when she is jest one fact."

"I'll find out when she is," remarked Warton, for some of the officers were by his side.

"Do 'll's her course?" reported the look-out. "She don't seem to be a-chasin' of us!" cried the captain.

"I think she's a man-o'-war, sir!"

"You do, eh? I think I'll go aloft and take a look, myself!"

Then speaking Warton leaped upon the rattlings and the lubber hole and the lizzy, and through the crosstrees at the fore-topmast head, he took the glass himself, and after a moment's look, as the position of vessel ten minutes before shut the glass and started down, bidding the man to follow him. He reached the deck in a moment, and cried,—

"Call fellas in a British sloop-o'-war," he said, in a voice which showed that it thinks of the plan is to show her our heels. We'll give 'em opportunity of a fight in their dastic eyes if they keep on long chase. Tacks and sheets there by-by!—Ease off to leeward!—Round in on the weather braces!—Up with the helm!—Keep her head as there to windward!—So! Steady!—Belay all!"

The brig was now heading N. E. by E., with the wind right steam, and as she bent gracefully to the breeze, the spray flew off to leeward in showers.

"Ahe! Look a' there!"

"Here's more!" the captain thus spoke, and saw the ship's weather shedding sails going up.

"Ah! Look at that!" he exclaimed. "That's a plan is to show her our heels. We'll give 'em opportunity of a sailing fight in their dastic eyes if they keep on long chase. Tacks and sheets there by-by!—Ease off to leeward!—Round in on the weather braces!—Up with the helm!—Keep her head as there to windward!—So! Steady!—Belay all!"

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"Ahe! Look a' there!"

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"Aloft, all you fore and main-top men! Stand by to set the bobstaid stay'l's'ls, and alow and alow, and royals! Hurry, there, my hearties! Lively, now!—our ace, some of 'em, pretty swift."

The brig was now under the principal sails were all drawing upon the larboard side, and as the last sail was set it was all ten knots. The breeze seemed to have freshened.

For an hour the chase continued—for it was very evident that such was the case—and during that time, it was difficult to tell which was gaining. Both ships were doing their best, and relative positions as when the brig first set her studding-sails. The captain, who had been aloft for the purpose, taking his glass, he went up to the main-top-mast cross-trees, and there took a careful survey of the ship.

"There ain't two cables' length difference between us!" he muttered to himself, as he turned over her keel upon them," he said, as he reached the deck. "I'll be jest about a half a cable's length astern of her!"

And during this hour, our ten mutineers had been trying to keep their hearts still. They had a keen eye to observe, and they saw all was being done. They gazed around upon the stout men, and the brave officers, and thought of the fact that in less than much good fortune was needed in their favor. They had no fear of the result of the chase in it. He knew that all depended upon him. He knew his own sail strong, and a calm, half-swelling sea, and he knew that the brig was a splendid sailing vessel

BEFORE THE DAWN.

BY CLARA STUDDY.

Sitting in silence and alone,
The shadows round her falling,
Poor Susie makes her plaintive moan,
Upon her bed unto calling.

There was no light upon the ground,
For gloomy fear doth charming,—
No dawn of hope was spread around
To banish mists of fleeting.

She sat in darkness, with her tears
Fast as the shadows falling;
And backward to the vanished years
Her heart was wildly calling.

Long had she struggled bravely on,
But heart and flesh were weary;
And she had come to the dawn
Where all was dark and dreary.

Sitting in silence and alone,
The shadows round her falling,
Poor Susie makes her plaintive moan,
Upon her bed unto calling.

The night is deepest ere;
And in the hour of sorest woe
There's one foreshows us never.

And when your Susie in the night
Shall mourn, and thought to perish,
Bid this the empty pack of life,
A friend was sent to cherish;

To raise her from the chilling world—
Her life and strength renewing;
And cheerful now your lone and cold
Her path she is pursuing.

ADA LEICESTER'S HUSBAND.

BY MARY W. STANLEY HUNGO.

CHAPTER I.

My father had kissed me, my brothers had shaken hands with me, my stepmother had congratulated, and my married sister, Emily, had rejoiced over me. And when all these ceremonies had been gone through with, she accompanied me to my bedroom, which she was to share, and closed the door with a triumphant air, as if she was shutting out all care and sorrow, and constituting herself the guardian of my happiness forever.

Do you ask the reason of all this kissing and hand-shaking, dear reader? I was engaged to be married!

I was the only unmarried daughter of the house, and was expected to form a brilliant alliance. My stepmother had carried me for three seasons now, but though I had plenty of beaux and flirtations on my hands, my conquests were transitory ones, and my father's severity, kept every one from proposing, and my stepmother was in despair. True, I was only seventeen, and I did wonder now and then, why they need be in such haste to get rid of me at once; but it was not strange, in so many of my girls whilst yet in their teens, and I began to look upon myself almost as a cripple, when I arrived at my eighteenth birth-day without having ever received an offer.

On the week after my eighteenth birth-day, however, fortune dawned upon me, in the shape of Mr. Aylmer Arlington, an old friend of my father's, who came out to spend a day or two with him at his country seat. I did not see him on the day of his arrival, till I came down to dinner. Then my father presented me to him with an air of pride that flattered my vanity vastly. I merely bowed then in answer to his courteous greeting, but I found leisure to scrutinize my guest during dinner. He was a tall and slender man, apparently some thirty-five years of age, dignified, and perhaps a little overbearing in his manner. His eyes and hair were of an intense black, and the small side whiskers with which he embellished his dark face, were of the same color. My sister and my stepmother several times addressed him by name before I could make up to the parlor. I suppose he would have been called very handsome by most people, but I did not like his looks—at first.

Mr. Arlington and my father had been old colleges friends, so I saw nothing strange in his coming to our house, or in his staying so long after he got there. He treated me as though I was no one might treat a fractious child—calling me nicknames, pulling my hair, and sometimes recommending to me in my reports. When I found that he could tolerate—and that he was afraid of—my stepmother's severity by a queer of ball, or a swing under the shady elm tree, I began to like him very much. My father very rarely let me alone, and allowed Mr. Arlington to make his own way into my good graces. So when, on our second morning after we had been unusually kind all day, he went me to spend the day with him, I was only a very little startled and shocked, and after a few moments' reflection, came to the conclusion that it would be a most desirable thing. Mr. Arlington was rich, and of a good family, and I knew if my father had not wished me to marry him he never would have allowed us to be so much together. Then again, I found him, indeed, to forgive him for the crime of having hair and eyes of the same color as mine—and there was no doubt about my spoiling ball and swing with me, I might as well take him, as to marry somebody who would be as cross as two sticks every time I proposed such a thing. I went up to him and told him so. He smiled good-naturedly and kissed me.

"You are a frank little thing," he said. "And I may tell you father everything is settled."

I said yes, and ran up to my own room. And this was the reason why every one was so pleased with me.

I went and sat down in my easy chair by the window, after Emily had shown my dear upon them all that night. Everything seemed so new and strange to me.

"Well, Ada," said my sister, as she prepared for bed, "I suppose by this time three weeks you will be in your new home?"

"Three weeks! What do you mean, Emily?" I asked, turning pained eyes upon her.

"Oh, father thinks you may as well marry at once, as to have a long engagement," the answered, counting briefly her fingers, "and perhaps the plan. "You know how dignity he is. It was just so when I got married."

"Emily," said I, suddenly, "have you been happy?"

She was a gay, fashionable, worldly woman, but she winced a little at that home question. Recovering herself with a laugh, she answered:—

"Of course I have, you goose. Only look at my diamonds, and my carriage horses, and my box at the opera."

"But you didn't marry them, Emily," I persisted. "What about your husband? Are you happy with him?"

"My dear Ada," she said, with her face turned away, "I forgot my catechism long ago. Mr. Norton does very well, I suppose. I am sure I don't trouble my head about him, and sometimes I don't see him for two or three days at a time."

"Oh, Emily!"

"Well—what could you expect?" she asked, tartly. "He is a Wall-street man. I married him for his money, and if I have all I married for, what right have I, or you, or any of us, to complain? Now don't put on that doleful face. Neither Tom Morton nor myself is worthy of it. If you want to get up a romance, take 'my brother, the Colonel,' as Mr. Arlington says, for his hero."

"Who is he, Emily?"

"Bless us and save us, child, hasn't he told you yet? The man is forever on his tongue's end. It is his only brother—five years older than he is, and half an angel, if one would credit his stories. It is 'Edwin' here and 'Edwin' there. I'm sick of the name, for my part."

"But where does he live?"

"Somewhere south, I believe. You'll see him soon enough, for your future home he can't get married without him. I suppose he will be here in a few days. But I advise you to take care of the miserable remains of your heart, for he is a perfect lady-killer. He has them dying around him by scores, while he looks on as cool as a cucumber."

"Is he married?" I asked, feeling a deep curiosity to know about this man.

"No, and I believe he pretends he has never been in love," said Emily, yawning. "As if any one was going to believe such a silly story of a man forty years old. Come, Ada, let's go to bed."

I walked till we were ready, and then sat up on pillows, before I resumed the conversation. Then I asked—

"When will he be here?"

"What? Oh, the Colonel. I don't know—some time this week, I presume," said Emily, in a drowsy tone.

"And how does he look?"

"Ask your devoted Arlington, and do let me go to sleep," she answered, pettishly.

I said no more. Her long fee profound breathing showed that she was far away in the land of Nod. The moonlight shone in upon her face, and I could not help noticing a restless, anxious, unhappy expression there, which contrasted with the animated smile when she was awake. I looked at her, and pondered deeply. Was it possible that all little rest as hers had done, and if Mr. Arlington, and myself were doomed to pain, unsatisfied, miserable couple, who only saw each other once or twice a week. What, indeed, would become of Arlington's pride, and my father's severity, kept every one from proposing, and my stepmother was in despair. True, I was only seventeen, and I did wonder now and then, why they need be in such haste to get rid of me at once; but it was not strange, in so many of my girls whilst yet in their teens, and I began to look upon myself almost as a cripple, when I arrived at my eighteenth birth-day without having ever received an offer.

On the week after my eighteenth birth-day, however, fortune dawned upon me, in the shape of Mr. Aylmer Arlington, an old friend of my father's, who came out to spend a day or two with him at his country seat. I did not see him on the day of his arrival, till I came down to dinner. Then my father presented me to him with an air of pride that flattered my vanity vastly. I merely bowed then in answer to his courteous greeting, but I found leisure to scrutinize my guest during dinner. He was a tall and slender man, apparently some thirty-five years of age, dignified, and perhaps a little overbearing in his manner. His eyes and hair were of an intense black, and the small side whiskers with which he embellished his dark face, were of the same color. My sister and my stepmother several times addressed him by name before I could make up to the parlor. I suppose he would have been called very handsome by most people, but I did not like his looks—at first.

Mr. Arlington and my father had been old colleges friends, so I saw nothing strange in his coming to our house, or in his staying so long after he got there. He treated me as though I was no one might treat a fractious child—calling me nicknames, pulling my hair, and sometimes recommending to me in my reports. When I found that he could tolerate—and that he was afraid of—my stepmother's severity by a queer of ball, or a swing under the shady elm tree, I began to like him very much. My father very rarely let me alone, and allowed Mr. Arlington to make his own way into my good graces. So when, on our second morning after we had been unusually kind all day, he went me to spend the day with him, I was only a very little startled and shocked, and after a few moments' reflection, came to the conclusion that it would be a most desirable thing. Mr. Arlington was rich, and of a good family, and I knew if my father had not wished me to marry him he never would have allowed us to be so much together. Then again, I found him, indeed, to forgive him for the crime of having hair and eyes of the same color as mine—and there was no doubt about my spoiling ball and swing with me, I might as well take him, as to marry somebody who would be as cross as two sticks every time I proposed such a thing. I went up to him and told him so. He smiled good-naturedly and kissed me.

"You are a frank little thing," he said. "And I may tell your father everything is settled."

I said yes, and ran up to my own room. And this was the reason why every one was so pleased with me.

I went and sat down in my easy chair by the window, after Emily had shown my dear upon them all that night. Everything seemed so new and strange to me.

"Well, Ada," said my sister, as she prepared for bed, "I suppose by this time three weeks you will be in your new home?"

"Three weeks! What do you mean, Emily?" I asked, turning pained eyes upon her.

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the avenue, with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent upon his breast. Emily gave me a warning glance, when she saw how my face changed at the sight of him.

"I think Edwin must be in love," said Aylmer, archly, as he watched his slow approach. "But I am sure I cannot guess the divinity, unless indeed it be this fair Miss Morton."

"If such was the case, I am afraid my unfortunate brother would have to take himself out of the way as speedily as possible," said Emily, in the same tone. "A temptation like that would be perfectly irresistible to an admirer of beauty like Edwin."

"Edwin is handsome," said Arlington, looking thoughtfully at me.

My cheeks burned like fire. But Emily came to my aid.

"When we have all done admiring his beauty, let us advance to the parlor and have some music," she said, quietly.

They all passed down, in which she secured my arm, and whispered—

"It is just as I feared. Oh, why need you be so silly, Ada? But it is too late for someone now; you must control your feelings, or papa will find out all about it, and then we shall have a terrible scene."

I knew that, as well as she. And for his sake I struggled to be composed, and even sat down and played and sang at Aylmer's request.

I saw, as well as any of them, the tall, dark figure that entered soon after us, and stood listening to it just as I feared. Oh, why need he

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE RED MAN.

On a time, in one of his speeches, "Sam Houston" asserted, from the knowledge he had of the Pilgrim, the Americans people had "gone on clearing the Indian out of their land," and that if the Mexicans belong to better than Indians, he saw no reason why we should not pursue the same course with them." This was a brutal and foul fact. But it has been uttered in so few words. Earnestly as we abide the extension and glory of the Republic, its freedom, institutionals, arts, enterprise, and intellectual and social spirit, we can never advocate such extension by means of national violence or fraud. As yet, the United States stands unsullied among the nations—spreading out its broad land upon the union of a people sympathizing in the enjoyment of universal privileges, the greatest good of the greatest number, and guided by those immortal principles of equality and liberty, which while they conclude man and exalt society, are the surest foundations of national success.

Had the people of the other centuries led our Pilgrim sires to seek refuge from oppression in the solitude and bleak wilderness of a New World. Fired by no thirst for glittering plunder, they landed on the continent of Plymouth Rock, seeking but a Supreme Guardian for shelter and abode. They found an inhospitable wild, and a strange, savage race to oppose them, but they were met with resolution and endurance, prayerful and hopeful men, and making signs of peace to the savages of the forest, they were permitted to erect their rude dwellings—the first that proclaimed the settlement of the Saxon west of the Atlantic. Slowly, but steadily, the Pilgrim sod took root, and produced harvests; and the rude shelter became homesteads, scattered far and wide, as the wilderness receded before the energetic axe of the Anglo-Saxon.

But these Pilgrim sires were not robbers. They were neither Danes nor Normans visiting with the broadswords, and hoping only for golden spoils. They came in the savage wilderness for his hunting grounds, and mingled with him the calumet of peace. Let their history, and the history of Penn and Roger Williams, answer if the Saxon—God bless their memory! and keep it ever fresh with the fires of our grateful remembrance—ever found the beginning "clearing the Indians out of their lands." Never was there a greater lie perpetrated on American race. From the beginning the Pilgrims pursued the path of honor and justice. Their law was conciliation and love. Conflicts at last arose between them and the natives of the soil, but most of those conflicts were emitted by the savages, with their jealous, suspicious spirit of the Indian themselves—or by pretenses indignities of the Saxon. But mark! When the great struggle came which took from Britain her fairest colonies, and gave the world a glorious Republic, not a hand of the savage was joined with the white hand of the Pilgrim to hurl back the first tide of the invasion that trampled on the Saxon in the New World.

The American is not so fierce a patriot for land as the language of "Sam Houston" would imply. The American loves his country and his home, and is ever ready to serve it; but his life in their defense; but it is not land, so much as it is our institutions—that surrounds his country and his home with beauty and halo. To the exiles and oppressed fly to our shores by millions, what land do they find? Yet there is land every where over the Earth—land in Australia, India, the valleys of the Andes, and the wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains. There is fertile land, golden land, lands of spices, fruits, and flowers, elsewhere than here; yet exiled and oppressed seek asylum with the sons of the Pilgrim Climate and soil draw them not; they come to share our freedom, our institutions, and our spirit. The American seeks no land over which his liberty, enterprise and prosperity cannot be spread for the exaltation of the human race. The spread of that liberty and enterprise, is the desire of every American, whenever they come in contact with inferior conditions of human existence, until they shall include the dominion of the world. But whether the bounds of the Republic expand by the natural law of growth and immigration, or by conquests found upon it, let us forever repudiate the slander that it has been founded on fraud, or that the American people can ever advocate such a principle of national action.

"HE THAT BULKETH HIS OWN SPIRIT," &c.

Obedience to the law—subordination of one's wishes and passions to the behests of society, is the very kernel and essence of civilization; and he, who, in any portion, or for any time, refuses "takes the law into his own hands," deals a blow at the very heart of all that is human and social accomplished during these long and sorrowful six thousand years. The crowning glory of civilization and of Christianity is the subduing of the savage that dwells in the heart, and rules the conduct of every uncivilized and unregenerate man. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Is one of the things that God has said not tell her that the eye is irresistibly fascinated by it; that a handsome child is always more noticed by a stranger than a plain one; just as when one walks in a garden, a beautiful flower invites admiration above its fellows; but like that, if upon examination it be found noxious; if it pierces with sharpness the hand that culminated it—the gazer plucks it but to throw it aside, or passes it for one less pretentious, whose sweetness will endure long after its pale hues shall have faded away?

Tell her—what children should always be told about flowers—that her beautiful, but deadly-poisonous white lilies, and dingled lilacs, are indeed very beautiful, but that they tend to put into the mind of selfishness wicked of, and disobedience of the Commandments—to unscrupulousness. Or the window must be thrown open wide, that the Heavenly Dove may enter, and drag a perpetual stream of fresh air into the eyes dilate with a light borrowed only of Heaven; that shall make the heart glad, and the mind stand erect in the consciousness of its spiritual majesty—serene, unabashed in the presence of earthly kings and potentates—lifting the brow upon which *immortality* is so legibly written, beautiful in its fearlessness, to that Eternal Spirit, of whose temple it is a part, and never dropped the chrysalis which earth is crumbling around it, and fly away.

Oh, tell your child this—tell her how resplendent God's wisdom and love in the flowers that wither with a crystal vase, it makes fair what else were dark and dim to human sight. Tell her how before the Creator, the meanest flower that blows is worthy of worldliness, as before God's own calm presence. Tell her how that the soul of the true, the triumphant step of one who is heir to all Heaven—second to none!

Oh, I have seen such! Lofty—yet lowly. No earthly artist could trace their beauty, or sculptor model their majesty. To the reader of their gigantesis was to feel the sweep of an angel's wing. Such, dear reader, is the "spirit" that "ruleth" the blushing face with repentant tears, and expressions—sublime!

FANNY FERN.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAMMA, AM I PRETTY?

"Mamma, am I pretty?"
"No, my dear; but beauty is of no consequence."

Now what an unenlightened fib! and every day of the week, from the old to the young, we do it. Why not tell her the truth—that beauty is of consequence—a great deal of consequence? That God has not left her that the eye is irresistibly fascinated by it; that a handsome child is always more noticed by a stranger than a plain one; just as when one walks in a garden, a beautiful flower invites admiration above its fellows; but like that, if upon examination it be found noxious; if it pierces with sharpness the hand that culminated it—the gazer plucks it but to throw it aside, or passes it for one less pretentious, whose sweetness will endure long after its pale hues shall have faded away?

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FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

If I have seen the last sweet light
That shines on earth for me,
Here kindred who love me when cold is the heart
Will gather around me to see.

Help me to gather up my sins,
That I may not be lost in the sea;
My awful need, and in thy love
Have mercy upon me.

ALICE CARY.

An anecdote is told of William Hutton, the great mathematician, which aptly illustrates the healthful influence of hope. A rich, dejected young man called on him one day, and told him she desired his counsel in discovering whether she had a husband or was in the habit of absenting himself almost constantly from his home, and seeking the society of other companions. She had not been left many years, that she could think of as likely to give any chance of such unfaithfulness. She was in the bloom of youth as well as a kind man, she had called, in the hope that he could suggest a remedy.

"My remedy," said the philosopher, "is so simple, that I fear you will not have faith enough, in such simple things, to be sufficiently help you."

Upon the poor woman assuring him that she would follow any prescription he suggested, the writer, Hutton said, "the remedy is simply *smile*. When your husband leaves the house in the morning, meet him with a smile, whether you feel like wearing it or not; and *keep smiling* all the while during the day."

The woman thanked him with a courtesy, and departed. Some months afterward she called again, bringing a trifling present of some kind, as a token of her gratitude. This she begged him to accept, informing him, with a smile, that his prescription had proved completely successful! Her counsel was given without charge, and had—and yet of those deals, at their true value, as those of your fellow being; not as either a superior, entitled to adoration, or an inferior, entitled to the contempt of a friend."

That of flattery, that is most despicable which selects females as its subjects. The worth of true womanhood is not to be measured by praise. It is no compliment to the sex, to be eternally flattering women, either individually or collectively—to their personal appearance, or their mental gifts. It is not a few semblances of manhood are wont to do? The most contemptible of beings is the woman by showing that you appreciate the good sense of her husband, or brother, or father, or lover, or friends, at their true values

FADE AND FLOAT AWAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Fade, fade and float away,
Clouds of the rosy sunset;
Go with the sun that is going down,
And leave my soul at rest!

O, herd boy driving home
Your cows through the sunset scurry,
Stop the dewy tops of the hills between
Your drowsy and me, I pray!

For they only urge the warmer,
That how an more should flow,
To break on a heart as cold as stone,
And scatter themselves in snow.

Thou has brought the day, O Time,
Of which my youth was sacred,
And I pray thee give me grace to see
My white hair unadorned.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SOLITARY MAIDEN.

"What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the sorrow and the care
Between this hour and each sweet time of grace?"
Mrs. Sigourney.

Estelle, left alone with her servants upon the Island, found the time pass less heavily than she had dared to anticipate.

The winter was less severe than usual. The atmosphere was elastic and bracing, and the Island maiden was enabled to pass a part of every day in the open air.

Her plan of self-improvement was conscientiously carried out. The earlier hours of every day were devoted to a course of reading. Finding herself awarded an hour before o'clock, she would put on a warm hood and sack, buckle on her skates, and have an hour's fine skating on the frozen bosom of her own crystal creek. The first hours of the afternoon she employed in practising music, painting or embroidery. Growing tired of sitting, at about four o'clock she would order her pony to the door, and, setting the side saddle for an hour's gallop around her circular race-course. Or if the weather confined her within doors, so that she could neither skate at noon nor ride at sunset, she substituted for both those recreations a visit to her shelves of birds and beasts, and always gained a rich half an hour of entertainment. The long winter evenings were employed in needle-work, or in light reading. And upon some occasions, she would permit her two aged companions to spend the evening in her parlor, where she would entertain them by reading aloud some interesting book, or else, when their loyalty got the better of the weather, to some wild and wonderful legend of ghost, wizard or demon, related by one or the other of the old people.

Then she had the weekly excitement of receiving or answering letters from her guardian, and the permanent interest of anticipating his returns.

Thus her daily employments helped off the week, and the weekly mail-day served to mark off the months, and hurry forward the period for Mr. Luxmore's return and her own liberation.

Her own literature! That, at last, was the great object of Estelle's aspiration!

So the winter wore away, and spring was at hand.

About this time, having read all her books, learned all her music, copied all her pictures, and worked embroidery from all the patterns, and having no material of any sort to labor upon, Estelle bethought herself of painting her own miniature as a present to her guardian. So one morning she conveyed her drawing materials to her bedroom, arranged them upon her toilet table, and seated herself before the mirror, to commence operations. In three days, the miniature was completed to her satisfaction. And an exquisite face it was—a golden-haired, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked blonde, beautiful as an angel. Estelle was pleased with her success, having completed the picture, she could not leave it, but continued to play with the subject, by changing the color of the drapery, first, from white to rose-color, and then to blue, then to blue, then to black, and finally, after sponging out the black, restoring it to its original snow.

Then, feeling at a loss what to do next, she resolved to paint a miniature of herself with black hair, eyes and eye-brows, to see how she would look thus. She took her place at the mirror, and went to work; and as she proceeded, Pygmalion like, she fell in love with her own creation. She worked at it with enthusiasm; but as the picture grew towards perfection, her enthusiasm was so excited that in contrast with those darkest eyes and blackest locks, the blonde complexion was now dazzlingly fair for harmony—that she must put in darker and richer hues in the lights and shadows of that face. The subject suggested for her a strange spell of fascination. Under the force of this mental inspiration, she protracted the work.

And then, why, as she gazed upon her finished work, did her heart swell with a strange pride, her lips tremble, and her eyes fill with tears? What was there in that beautiful pale face, with its large, dark, mournful eyes and falling veil of shadowy ringlets, to attract her with such painful power?

She had unconsciously drawn the likeness of her mother!

She selected from her numerous trinkets a plain gold locket, enclosed the miniature therein, and hung it around her neck, wondering all the while, why she felt so strongly inclined to wear this picture!

She placed her own miniature in a similar locket, and reserved it as a gift for her guardian, whose arrival might now be soon expected. And at length, early in May, old Timon brought from the post office a letter announcing the speedy advent of Mr. Luxmore.

And from the day of the reception of the letter, Estelle prepared all things to welcome with relief her returning guardian.

And at last he came.

It was high noon, and Estelle, dressed in a white muslin gown and a straw hat, stood upon the front piazza, about to take her daily before-dinner walk, when one of the negroes came running up the avenue towards the house, bringing the intelligence that a vessel had come to anchor about three miles out in the Bay, and that a boat put off from her side was rapidly rowed towards the Island.

Estelle, with a cry of joy, hastened down the avenue towards the landing-place, which she reached just as the long boat containing Mr. Luxmore and all his baggage, rowed by six sailors, was pushed up upon the sands.

Julius Luxmore sprang out and hastened to wards Estelle. The beautiful creature looked so attractive as she stood there with her straw hat hanging on her arm, her snowy drapery and golden ringlets floating on the breeze, that Luxmore's first impulse was to catch her to his bosom in warm embrace. But she arrested him, as with her innocent child-like look of gladness she sprang forward, offering both her hands, and exclaiming—

"Welcome home, my dear guardian!"

He caught her offered hands, pressed them, shook them heartily, and lifted them to his lips, saying—

"Oh, Estelle! my bride! how enchanted I am to be with you again!"

Then leaving a command with the negroes to unlade the boat, and convey the baggage to the house, he drew the arm of his ward within his own, and they walked up the avenue, homewards, both conversing—he with commanding tact, she with guileless simplicity. They reached the house, and Mr. Luxmore retired to his chamber, to prepare for dinner, which was soon served.

The afternoon was spent in unpacking boxes, filled with rich presents, which were displayed before the delighted eyes of Estelle.

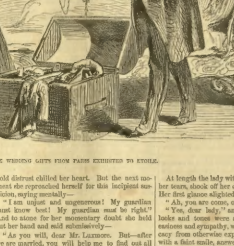
"And these are all for my promised bride," he said.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" exclaimed the maiden, in sincere gratitude, as one beautiful article after another dazzled her sight.

"Oh! how glorious must be the world beyond, whence all these wondrous beauties come," she said, for perhaps the hundredth time.

"Well! come midsummer and your birth-day, which is also to be your wedding-day, and you shall see that 'beautiful world beyond.'"

The action-creature responded by a radiant smile.



THE WEDDING GIFTS FROM PARIS EXHIBITED TO ESTELLE.

The costly gifts were then all arranged in her own suit of apartments.

The evening was passed in the moonlit and vine-shaded piazza, where Julius Luxmore related the events of his tour in Italy and his life in Paris—or, at least, so much as was proper for the hearing of Estelle, who listened with deep interest.

"And now at last you are here!" she said. "You have come back with the earliest birds and flowers of spring, even as you promised!"

"And I shall always keep my word to my beautiful bride," he answered, gallantly.

"And you find the Island in its very loveliest looks! The lake is never so charming as in May, when the grass and the foliage wear their greenest and most delicate hue; when the spring flowers are all in bloom, and the cropped and groves are forests of blossoms; and the birds are singing as they build their nests, or feed their young!"

"Yes! it is all lovely! all charming! but the fairest blooming flower and the sweetest singing bird of all, is my own Estelle my promised bride."

"And yet to you, who come from the beautiful beyond, this poor Isle can not look so fair as it does to me who never saw anything brighter!"

Luxmore smiled at her hallucination, and said to himself—

"Has any one ever seen any place brighter?" But while he asked that question only in his heart, he replied to her by his fond words—

"Come your wedding day, and you shall see that beautiful beyond!"

And again the artless maiden responded by a smile of innocent delight.

So passed the first afternoon of Mr. Luxmore's return. And from that time to two weeks previous to their appointed wedding, Estelle's every moment left his betrothed.

Five weeks passed away like a dream, and brought July. Estelle knew that she was to be married on the fifteenth. As it was necessary that Mr. Luxmore should be in Washington on the day of the marriage license, the services of a clergyman and a lawyer, and also of a magistrate, including the bridal veil and jewels, that had already been sent from Paris, and as he wished to reach Baltimore in time to join in the celebration of the great national festival, he informed his betrothed that he should set out from the Island on the 4th of the month.

"Three days to go to Baltimore, six to transact business there, and three to return, bringing the attorney, the clergyman, and the bridal regalia for my princess!" exclaimed Mr. Luxmore, after detailing his plan to her.

"The fourth month of July you will be with me again!" she said.

"Aye! and on the morning of the fifteenth we will be married, and immediately after we shall sail for London, where I shall present you to your English relatives."

"English relatives!" exclaimed the maiden in astonishment; "I had English relatives, then?"

"Yes, my love, did you not know it?" inquired the wily Julius.

"Why, of course not! I did not know I had a relative in the world! You must have been aware that I was ignorant of the existence of any kith and kin of mine," she said, as a feeling of cold distrust chilled her heart.

"I supposed, my love, that you had heard of your mother's family."

"No! no!" exclaimed the maiden in a voice of deep emotion. "No one would ever tell me of my dear lost mother! I have asked a thousand and a thousand times, but could not learn who she was, or where she lived, or when she died! It is necessary to have never had a mother either living or dead. For though I never saw my mother, I know the place where she sleeps her last sleep, I should sometime go and water the turf with my tears! Mr. Luxmore can you tell me anything about my mother?"—she asked, clasping her hands and fixing her eyes on his face in the earnestness of her entreaty. "Oh, Mr. Luxmore, please can you inform me of anything relating to my dear mother?"

"No, nothing whatever, my sweet love!"

"Of my mother's relations then! Has she sisters or perhaps parents living, who would tell me all about her!—Oh! do answer me Mr. Luxmore!"

"My best love you shall go to England, see your relations and know all—after we are married."

"After we are married!—after we are married! *Why wait anything be deferred until after we are married?*" inquired Estelle of herself, as the same cold distrust chilled her heart. But the next moment she reproached herself for this incipient suspicion, saying mentally—

"I am unjust and ungenerous! My guardian must know best! My guardian must be right!" And to silence for her momentary doubt she hid out her hand and said *submissively*—

"As you will, dear Mr. Luxmore. But—after we are married, you will help me to find out all about my unknown mother?"

"I will, so help me Heaven, sweet Estelle!" he replied, lifting her hand to his lips.

And the next morning, with a promise, wind and tide favoring, to be back in two weeks, Julius Luxmore took a tender and respectful leave of his affianced bride, went on board a passing schooner, and sailed for Baltimore.

Estelle went to her room and wrote a letter to her nurse Mahcelon, in New York, informing her that her doctor child was to be married to Mr. Luxmore on the fifteenth instant. This letter was mailed at Hestiville.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ESTELLE'S BOOKS.

"Who dwells upon the city
Of great humanity shall learn
Its life, along the stony streets,
Like a strong, unwearied river,
In a still mode course, is ever
Moving by its fellow-men."
Mrs. Hemans.

The time was the 15th of July. The place to which I will introduce you was a narrow, two-storied, red brick house, in an humble but decent street of one of the most crowded neighborhoods of New York city.

The entrance door opened immediately into a tiny parlor, furnished in the simplest style.

The walls were covered with paper of a light grey pattern; the floor laid with a grave Kidderminster carpet; and the single front window draped with dimity curtains of the same color. Over the mid-piece hung the portrait of a very handsome and a lawyer, and on the left of it, a little side the chimney the recesses were furnished with bookshelves filled with plain looking but standard volumes. On the opposite side of the room sat a horse-hair sofa, while half a dozen reception chairs of the same material were ranged around the parlor and a music-stand stood in one corner. A small Brussels carpet nearly covered the middle of the floor. Beside this was a large horse-hair rocking-chair.

Reclining in the chair, with her elbow resting on the table, and her head supported by her hand, was a beautiful woman of perhaps thirty years of age, clothed in deep mourning. By the elegant fashion of her dress, the delicacy of her skin, the side features, the delicate pallor of the complexion, the large dark eyes, jet black eyebrows, the large, languid dark eyes, with their sweeping length of lash, the full and sweetly-curved lips, and the graceful poise of the head and figure, one would have recognized Estelle. Incredible sorrow was written upon her countenance, and enshrouded her caped her lips. This look of suffering had become habitual, these frequent sighs were involuntary, unconscious, yet they helped to relieve her oppressed bosom and keep her heart from utterly breaking.

On her lap lay a medical book that she had been studying, and before her table to understand the case of a sick woman whom, in her rounds of charity, she had lately discovered, and whom she attended.

And now the book lay idly open; with her elbow resting on the table, her forehead bowed upon her palm, her dark ringlets falling low around her face, her dark eyes fixed mournfully on the floor, her mind had gone far back into the past, and was lost in reverie.

The street door opened softly, and Susan Copewood entered the parlor.

The deep sad eyes of Estelle that she was unconscious of the presence of her faithful maid. Susan looked and looked, and then grief was too deep and lasting for such ephemeral relief. Yet now tear after tear gathered under her drooping lashes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Susan looked at her mistress, in deep sympathy, but did not immediately address her. Isolation from all persons of her own rank in life, and constant companionship with her mistress, had refined and elevated the character of this faithful girl, until she had become more the friend than the servant of Estelle. And there seemed a illusion in this relation.

At length the lady with a deep sigh wiped away her tears, shook off her depression, and looked up. Her glance delighted upon Susan.

"Ah, you are come, child!"

"Yes, dear lady," answered the girl, but her voice had not come were so full of the surprise, unkindness and sympathy, which she refrained in delicacy from otherwise expressing, that her mistress, with a faint smile, answered her mute appeal.

"It is nothing, Susan, at least, nothing new. This, you know, is the birth-day of my little child—my little child on whom I was permitted to gaze but once, before my eyes closed in insensibility, and her's in death—my little child whom I never saw but once in life, but whom I have seen a thousand times in dreams! She would have been fifteen years old to-day, Susan. Ah, if my little child had lived, I should not to-day have been so desolate. Yet it is a strange, sweet thought that *I have been a mother!*"

"Say that you are a mother, dear lady—the mother of an angel who is fifteen years old to-day in Heaven. A mother never, never, never can be left childless, unless—"

"Unless?"

"—Her own bosom her own soul, so that she cannot enter the company of them who 'are of the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"True! true!"

"Then grieve no more to-day, dear lady!"

"I will not, indeed, Susan. I know it is very morbid to do so; and only on this anniversary do I allow myself the tears ever her memory."

"Well, give that habit up, dear lady; and were no more to-day, because your child is keeping her birth-day in Heaven."

"Because my little is shining among her kindred in Heaven."

"Your Estelle, dear madame?"

"Yes, Susan; but not her name. It was a girlish fancy of mine, before her birth, in case she should prove a daughter, to call her Estelle, because I was then reading Sir Walter's novel, 'Kenilworth.' You know, Susan, by a free translation, means star. Therefore, my little one, you are not the only one, my morning star—how quickly lost to mortal sight in the light of the eternal day! Enough of my star, now shining among the celestial constellations! Tell me of my poor patient, Susan; how is she?"

"Madame, she is restless and moaning. She will not be composed to rest."

"Then I must go to her, immediately."

"And not until the cool of the evening, dear lady; it is very hot this afternoon."

"No, I cannot wait, while a sick one is moaning for me. Go up stairs and bring my things."

"Susan went, and soon returned with the black silk mantle, bonnet veil, silk scarf, parasol, gloves, which was the lady's out-door dress. Estelle quickly arrayed herself, and attended by Susan, left the house.

A walk of half a mile, through one of the most crowded thoroughfares of New-York, brought them to an ancient street, into which "improvements" had not yet intruded—a street of old residences with houses that had once been tall, stately and aristocratic edifices, but were now old, dilapidated and dingy, and occupied chiefly by the poorest lodgers.

Into one of the most forlorn of these—a dingy, tumbling, three-story house, the lady and her maid entered.

They entered the dirty door-way, passed up the hall, ascended the stairs, turned to the right, and entered a large, but clean, cool and airy room, where the walls were well whitewashed, the floor well sanded, the two front windows darkened with slat blinds, and the air refreshed with aromatic herbs.

On a cot near the centre of the room lay the sick woman. A clean, white counterpane lightly covered her comfortable bed. A shaded pitcher of tea water, stood by her side.

The woman was a quadroon of about forty-five years of age, who had evidently once been very handsome, but whom the face was now worn down by sickness, want and care.

In a word, she was our old acquaintance, Mahcelon, whom nine months of city life, inexperience, and ill-luck, had reduced to this pass. Months previous to this, her son, Private, had accepted a situation as traveling valet to a young gentleman going to Europe. And after his departure, Mahcelon, disgusted with her life as chambermaid in a large hotel, had left her place, taken a room, and commenced business as laundress. Sickness had overtaken her, in the midst of her labors, and rendered her to her present condition. As yet, Estelle knew nothing of her except her name and word. Only a week before, she had been told of this subject of charity, had sought her out, found her in a wretched bed in a filthy attic room, in this same house, abandoned by all, and wasting with want and with a low fever. As her condition would not permit her to be removed to any distance, Estelle found a vacant room on the first floor, front, had it thoroughly scoured and whitewashed, hung those cool, dark green slat blinds to the windows, and had it fitted out, with a spring mattress and fresh, snowy draperies. Then she had her patient laid in a bath, washed, dressed in clean clothes, and removed to the apartment.

And for the few days that had elapsed since her improved circumstances, the woman had visibly amended.

The lady now drew forward a chair and seated herself beside her patient, took up a palm leaf fan that lay upon the counterpane, and began to fan the sufferer, while she inquired in a gentle voice—

"How do you find yourself, this evening, Madeleine?"

"More comfortable, but very weak, my lady."

"It is the very warm weather that enfeebles you, but we shall soon have a cooler shower that will cool and purify the air, and you will grow better."

"On the contrary, my dear lady, I am sinking slowly but surely?"

"You should not despond, Madeleine."

"I do not, my lady. I am sinking easily, easily, as a tired baby dropping asleep on its mother's bosom."

"I am nearly sure that you will recover, and see happier days, Madeleine," replied the lady, hopefully.

"Oh, Madame?" said the quadroon, fixing her glittering eyes upon the face of her benefactress. "When you look and speak so cheerfully, how the darkness does retreat and fly!"

"What blooms, my poor Madeleine?"

"Why, it seems to my little morning, dear lady. I never did see such a stirring likeness in all my life, although you are so dark and she was so fair, and though you are always so grave and she was so gay. It is as if the same pictures were copied in light upon one plate and in shadow upon another. And then you both have the same lineaments of voice and form of the eyes, though hers were blue as heaven, and yours are as dark! But I grow impertinent, dear lady. Pray, forgive a poor woman's garrulity. I make too free, I know."

"Oh, not no! You loved your little nursling very much then?"

"Oh, I did!—I did, dear lady!" said Madeleine, covering her face with her hands and beginning to weep.

"Madeleine—I was told that you wished particularly to see me," said Estelle, with the view of distracting her grief.

"Oh, yes Madame, it was for her sweet sake I wished to see you this afternoon. Forgive me, my lady, for thus troubling you at once."

"You do not trouble me the least in the world. I am pleased to see you, and to see that I can do you good. Now tell me how I can serve you or your little nursling?"

"Dear lady, I wished to pray you to write a letter for me to my darling."

"This afternoon, Madeleine?"

"Yes, Madam."

"But you have too much fever to dictate it, Madeleine."

"Ah, dear lady, never mind the fever in my veins if you will only write to me to relieve the fever in my heart!"

"Ah! there are convenient to me, my poor Madeleine; but why press the matter this afternoon, when you are so feverish? Why not wait until to-morrow morning, when you will feel more refreshed, Madeleine?"

"Ah, dear lady, we look like her now! But I must write to her to-day, for this, dear lady, is her birth-day!"

"Her birth-day?" replied Estelle, feeling some interest, but not all the interest in the case of the truth hidden in this coincidence.

"Yes, dear lady, it is her birth-day. And as she is not with me, she must remember it for her, I must do so."

"Indeed, she is an orphan, then?"

"Yes, my lady, or rather worse than orphaned by her birth. For she has a mother, but not by my own. She was given into my sole care in her second summer and never was separated from me until this time when she was placed at school. This is the first birth-day she ever remembered to have passed away from me, dear Madame, lately."

"And how old is she now?" inquired the lady, feeling a kind interest in her patient's conversation.

"My little Estelle is fifteen years old to-day."

"Estelle!"

With this sharp and sudden cry, Estelle sprang forward, her hands clasped and her head bent, rushing in torrents to her heart, her whole frame shaken by an inward storm; and then all in an instant, she grew livid and sank back half fainting in her chair. The sudden revelation—the shock, had been too much for her sensitive and nearly killed her.

Susan had heard and understood—Susan sprang to her assistance, bathed her face with the fragrant, fresh-cut herbs, and held to her lips the sponge of aromatic vinegar to her nostrils.

She said to the sick woman, who had raised up in bed in her excitement, and was staring—

"It is a sudden pain to which my mistress is subject. It will pass off in a few minutes."

And, in fact, just then, Estelle lifting herself, put away the offered assistance of her attendant, and rising from the chair, and though still pale as a lily, and tremulous as an aspen, she controlled her self-control to the most perfect degree.

"That will do, Susan. Sit down."

And when her attendant withdrew from her side, and took a seat at the foot of the cot, Estelle turned to the invalid and gently questioned her.

"You had spoken, Madeleine, that in your weak state my sudden indisposition must have startled your nerves. But you perceive that it is quite over with me now, so pray be composed."

"Dear lady, never mind me. I was only pained to see you suffer."

"Then but for a moment; 'tis over now. Come now, Madeleine, and resume your narrative—"

"Dear lady, do not trouble yourself about the matter now."

"Yes, but *I prefer to do it*," replied Estelle. And then, seeking to hear repeated every particular, so as to have confirmed that intelligence that seemed too joyful to be real, she said—

"You informed me that her name was—"

"Estelle L'Orient, my lady."

"Yes! yes!—and you have had her in charge how long?"

"From the day when, at one year old, she was brought from France to L'Orient Island, where I

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lived with my master, her uncle, Monsieur Henri, —I had charge of her until last November."

"Where is she now?"

"On L'Orient Isle, where she has, since twelve months old, resided."

"And her parents?"

"I never saw either of them. Her father, Monsieur Victoire L'Orient, was lost on the Mercury. Her mother, an English lady of rank, lived with her own family I believe."

"And the young girl, Estelle,—did she know, had she ever been told anything of her parents?"

"Of her father, only that he was lost;—of her mother, nothing!"

"Of her mother, nothing!" repeated Estelle, in a tone of anguish.

"She is now, had, was it not, lady? But I was forbidden to address her young heart by speaking of her lost parents. And yet the innocent little heart was often and enough, especially for her unknown mother; and she used sometimes to say to me:—Ah! Madeleine, it is so sorrowful never to have known my mother, either living or dead. I should have loved my mother so much, Madeleine? But, my lady, you are weeping!"

"Ah! it is because I sympathize with your orphan nurseling, Madeleine. But go on—I think you said she was beautiful?"

"As fair as a lily, as blooming as a rosebud, and as graceful as a vine. She has heavenly blue eyes, and a halo of golden ringlets around her lovely face."

"And good? above all, is she good?"

"As an angel, lady!"

"Beautiful and good! thank heaven for that!"

"Lady, you weep, you turn pale and red, and tremble and gasp for breath—what is all this?"

"Silence, Susan! tell first."

"Must I, lady?" asked the girl, coming up.

"Yes! yes!"

The sick woman raised on her elbow and bent forward eagerly.

Susan took her mistress's hand with the deepest respect, and, turning towards Madeleine, said:

"My lady is the mother of Etoile L'Orient, your nursling."

Good Heaven!" exclaimed the quadroon, sinking back upon her pillow.

Then she raised herself upon the other.

At length the lady said—

"Madeleine, the letter you spoke of must be written this evening; but first, do you feel quite equal to giving me a short, succinct history of all you know, in regard to my child's life?"

"Quite equal to it, my lady! And not only that, but so anxious to tell you, that if I did not do it, I should not sleep a wink to night."

Estelle arose and arranged the pillows more comfortably under the head of her patient; ordered Susan to get some jelly from the basket she brought; fed the sick woman with a few spoonfuls; made her swallow a half glass of lemonade; bathed her face and hands; perfumed her water; and when she saw her perfectly refreshed, she sat down beside the bed, and said—

"Now, if you feel able, Madeleine, commence."

And the quadroon, beginning with the arrival of Madame L'Orient with the puppies, lady at the Island, related the whole after history of the child, up to the time of the sudden death of Monsieur Henri De L'Isle, the guardianship of Mr. Laxmore over the heiress, and the emancipation and departure of herself—Madeleine and her husband—from the Isle.

"And you have not heard from her since?"

"Oh, yes my lady! After Mr. Laxmore went to France, I received letters from the sweet creature almost every month. She spoke of having written two letters previous to this, but I had never received them!"

"And what sort of a man is this Mr. Laxmore, who do I tell the guardian of my child?"

"My lady, he is about thirty-five years of age, handsome, fair, accomplished, and seemingly amiable and upright—but——"

"Well! but! what?"

Notwithstanding all that, I have no confidence in Mr. Julius Laxmore?"

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you, indeed, my lady, for I do not know. It is perhaps a mere feeling, and reason vanished me."

"My not your want of confidence have been just?"

"Possibly, my lady; yet a circumstance has come to my knowledge, which would justify my entire mistrust."

"And what circumstance?" inquired Estelle, bending eagerly forward.

"Madamoiselle Estelle's last letter to me, dated six weeks since, she tells me that she is to be united in marriage to Mr. Julius Laxmore, her guardian; for that such is her wish."

"Oh, Heaven of Heavens! No, no! I shall not so long be still! Rise up, my child, and bear a babe! She cannot love this man of thirty-five!" continued the lady, half rising in her strong excitement.

"I never said she loved him, Madame. Oh, in all affairs relating to love, confiding as she is, how she is to innocent as an infant."

"Then for not answering her! Isolated and helpless, though she be, he dare not coerce her!"

"My lady, he not only dare, but he will and has coerced her. Estelle, in her letter of last child, that is the object of his desire, I feel sure; therefore, he will see no force that he may not employ, not to invalidate his claim."

"Then since she loves him not, and since he dare not compel her, I do not see how a marriage is to be brought about?"

"Ah, my lady! I told you she was as innocent as the babe unborn of all knowledge relating to love and marriage. She does not know that love is necessary both to the good and happiness of matrimony. She is ignorant that that sanctimony is a mere arrangement of convenience. And she naturally takes her fate from her guardian, who is of course interested to secure her large fortune and her beautiful person to himself. And she, poor lamb, is even anxious to make a sacrifice that she may have the Island well go on the world. And, my lady, she sees and hears of the mislanded, only under the strong lights of the rising and setting sun, and so believes that all grief and delight is in what she calls 'the beautiful world beyond!' It appears that her guardian has promised to bring her in this heavenly paradise, immediately after their marriage."

"I can't see the innocence matter under this! He would give her an Eden of freedom, of choice, she is irrevocably his own?"

"That is just what occurred to me, my lady."

"And when, does she say, that this atrocious marriage is to be attempted?"

"Soon after her guardian's return from France, for he has not yet come, or at least, I have not yet received notice of his arrival. And in fact I have not received a letter from Etoile for nearly two months!"

"I must save my child! I must go to her immediately!"

"Oh yes, dear lady, do! But how will you prove to her your identity as her mother?"

"By nature first of all! You did not doubt me! although no blood of mine runs in your veins! Still less will she hesitate, who is altogether my own!"

But for the satisfaction of others, dear lady; through you and Etoile may be perfectly certain of your relationship, should you prove to others that you are her mother, she your daughter, and so establish your right of authority over her?"

"Thus. By documents no doubt to be found in the Island Mansion, which will prove that Etoile is the child of Victoire L'Orient and his wife, Estelle Morelle. And by Susan here, and a thousand others, if needful, that I myself am that very Estelle Morelle."

"So far, so good!"

"Now, tell me! how am I to reach this Island; for it is my intention to have a nurse to take care of you, and by present at the wedding as maid of my child."

"Oh, thank you, my lady, you are all goodness; but do not stop to find me a nurse."

"I must do so! I see it is best, I must, Madeleine; that is not the question now; but how I shall reach the Island?"

"My lady, I cannot tell. For years past no one has arrived at the Island except Mr. Laxmore, and he came in his own vessel."

"Then tell me at least what is the position of this Island to the Bay?"

"I cannot tell you, exactly; but it is within two or three hours' sail of a point called Rhode's Headland."

"Rhode's Headland?"

"Yes, my lady! You know the place?"

"Somewhat."

"It was always my late master's favorite point of communication with the shore. I believe also that there is always a sail-boat at the place, under the charge of the keeper. And I have often, in your quickest and surest way of reaching the Isle would be to go to the Headland and hire a boat from there."

"I believe. I now know what to do. And now, Madeleine, for the letter that we must write."

The requisite materials were found in the drawer of the little stand, the top of which, when cleared, served as a writing table.

"Dictate now, Madeleine, as you would have done had my relationship to your nursling never become known to you."

The quadroon looked surprised at this order; but with her usual submission, at once began to obey.

It was just such an affectionate letter of congratulation as any nurse might have written to her beloved child and foster sister, and the sort of letter script was added, by the lady's wish, merely these words—

"*I have news of your mother!*"

That is sufficient; we must not overwhelm the child; we must prepare her for the surprise, and prepare her for my coming," said Estelle.

After the letter was sealed and duly directed, it was given in charge of an honest lad, the son of a poor widow, living in the same house, who was called up to receive it in the parlor.

"And be sure, my boy, to inquire if there is a letter for Madeleine Morelle, at the sick woman in the lad left her side.

"It has been so long since I have heard from Etoile, that I think there must be a letter in the office," she added.

As there was much to do in a little time, the lady and her attendant arose to take leave.

"I shall accompany you, my lady, as far as leaving, Madeleine. And if you should get a letter from Etoile, will you send the lad to No. 5 ——— Lane, and let me know?"

"Indeed, I will, my lady."

Then they took leave and departed.

On reaching the street door the overcast appearance of the weather struck Estelle.

"I am afraid there is going to be a dreadful storm, my lady. Look what a black cloud it!" said Susan.

"Yes! we shall have a tempest. I know, by the dust and atmosphere, that we must have one before long. And it is coming. But, Susan, we have a great deal to do, and must not mind it, but must do it this afternoon; for I propose to sail in the very first vessel that leaves the port for the Caribbean Sea, even though there should be one going to-morrow morning. So, in order to save time we will take a cab."

And as an empty carriage was just then passing, Susan stopped and engaged it, for the remainder of the afternoon.

Then mistress and maid were seated within, the first order given was—

"To the Infirmary Intelligence Office."

A driver of an infirmary is well known to the place, where Estelle was so fortunate as to engage a well-experienced, middle-aged woman, who being paid in advance, agreed to go at once to the room of Madeleine. There she was to nurse the invalid, sew, and sent a new out, mistress, and holding for the accommodation of the nurse. They then proceeded to all the day's sewspapers, and gave the order—

"No. 5 ——— Lane!"

And in half an hour they were at home.

They were no sooner in the little parlor than Estelle snatched a light, relieved her mistress of her outside garments, and carefully enclosed her in the large arm-chair. Then she threw off her own, and the pile of newspapers on the table beside her, she began to read.

"And now, my lady, while you look at the ship news I will hurry into the kitchen and have your tea ready in a few minutes."

She hastened to the adjoining little back room, and began her preparations for tea.

Estelle turned at once to the list of vessels "to sail" and her eye soon glanced down the column and then exclaimed, reading aloud—

For Saltimore, on the 17th of July, the fast sailing ship Queen Susan, Reade Master."

"It is my old friend Dickars, whom I desire, but dread to meet. He can avoid seeing me in this cause better than mother. Shall I go with her? Let destiny decide! If I see Dickars, I must avoid going to the Chesapeake to-morrow, or the next day, that is to say at or before her time of sailing. I will go by such an one. If I cannot, I will call with Barbara; for I have said that I will certainly go by the first craft that leaves."

Then addressing herself again to the list, she went carefully down the columns.

"For Jamaica, the fine new ship Arrow, she successively cancelled the ship news in all the remaining papers, but without finding any other vessel that was to sail for the Chesapeake for four days to come.

"Indubitably I go with Barbara," concluded the lady, as she folded up and put away the last paper. Susan then opened the door and said—

"Supper is served, my lady."

Estelle went out into the little back room, and seated herself at the neat table. But her spirits were too much hurried to permit her to do justice to the fragrant tea and nicely browned toast that Susan had prepared.

Some scarcely observed that her cookery was slighted. The storm that had been gathering all the afternoon was now about to burst upon the earth and sea, to the mental peril of all great and small, whether on the one or other upon the other. And Susan was flying about, closing shutters, and locking down windows, for the latter part of the night, when the tempest descended. Scarcely was the last fastening secured before there blazed forth a blinding flash of lightning, followed immediately by a deafening crash of thunder that seemed to shake the whole heavens and earth into dissolution.

Susan, screaming half way across the floor, turned hastily back, and grasped the nearest chair for support.

"Come into the parlor," said Estelle, rising from her almost untasted meal.

Susan hurriedly turned into the front room; Estelle sat down in her easy chair; Susan, who was dreadfully afraid in storm, dropped down at her mistress's feet, and buried her face in her mistress's lap.

And then for six hours, there raged one of the most terrific tempests in the memory of the present generation. A tempest, in a manner, of fire, wind, thunder and lightning, made night hideous with their strife.

The dreadful desolation marked the progress of the storm on shore. Trees were twisted off at the trunk, or torn up by the roots; graves, gardens and growing crops were devastated. In the towns and cities, old buildings had each their chimneys or cornices, as well as new edifices in process of erection, were alike levelled to the ground. Many lives were sacrificed, and many more left without food, shelter, clothing, made night hideous with their strife.

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Great as was the devastation of the storm upon the land, it was far more awful upon the sea. It wielded a far greater scepter of the ships at sea. Many a noble, or even up the coasts, grave, garden

BOYISH REMEMBRANCES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

O, would that boyhood's happy days
Their world again restore,
And bring before me visions bright
Of happiness once more.
For as I cast a backward glance
I hear once more my mother's voice;
And sister joys, and vigorous life
Of every boyish wish.
And as to my brother hands
I feel the pressure now,
The most, recipient of all its kinds,
Unequivocation dear.

How oft beneath the stately oak
In summer's sultry day,
And 'neath the hazel, Whirling birds
Of every kind and hue,
And listening to the chorus-like chimes
That broke upon my ear,
Kissed down within my retirement
And breathe a fervent prayer
O, those were bright, exciting days
That drew's upon me then—
When Fancy held Hope's magic wand,
And Poesy the pen.

My brother's love—and it is now
With all his early glow—
Unto more I see its mystery looks
Its flames sparkle free;
Love never I feel myself isolated
While he that embraces.
Again her loving eyes are raised
In assurance to my face—
O, those were days that was set
Upon my mortal race.
She was the fair and fond for earth—
She is God's angel now.

I know full well that boyish days
Cannot return again,
Nor would I, were they, express joys
That fill the heart
But when life's memories are fullest—
When sunshine's hearts are most
When sunshine's friendships once again
By memory are sealed,
When death shall bring the sleepers back
From out the bereavement cell,
O, then again you may restore
My childhood's days as well.

THE GREED OF GAIN;
OR,
ELBERT BRONSON'S EXAMPLE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Elbert Bronson and his pretty little wife, Louie, were seated together one morning, about six months after their marriage, at the breakfast table in their handsome new house on G—— Square. Everything was very elegant in the house, for the young and the ding-room in which they sat was fitted up with furniture of oak and green, and carved leather, and gas-pendants, ceilings and walls, while there was plenty of silver, and crystal, and French china, glittering upon the table and table. The toilet of Louie was fresh and beautiful, and one would have supposed that a single woman could have crept into that luxurious mansion.

But while Elbert reads his newspaper, and, in his great interest in the news, forgets to eat or to drink his coffee until it grows quite cold, Louie sits opposite to him, behind the cups with the beautiful breakfast service, in an equally forgetful mood. She muses absorbing, and it is hard to gain courage to ask for it.

By-and-bye Elbert lays down the newspaper, and turns his attention to his neglected breakfast.

"I declare, Lou," he says, "my coffee is quite cold; give me another cup, sweet and strong. Ah, that's right. Now for an egg, and a bit of toast. I wish I had left the newspaper alone until I had finished my breakfast. I've a hard day before me; I report, for Gil Morgan has read that money article, as well as myself, by this time."

Louise opened her eyes very wide. She had never heard money articles discussed at her father's table, and did not in the least comprehend her husband's remarks. So she simply said—

"Have you so much to do, my dear, that you cannot take a drive with me this morning? I want your taste in the selection of some fall dresses. You know I have had nothing new since I was married, and have positively nothing to wear."

"If you'll get ready at once, Lou, I can go with you; though what you can want with more clothes, I cannot imagine, when I call to mind the dozen trunk full of bridal finery you've carried with us from Saratoga to the Falls, and from the Falls to Newport and Cape May, last summer. Still, if you must have the things, go with you, and tell you what I like, though I can assure you my sisters never could persuade me to interest myself with their shopping excursions."

"Ah, but you know a wife is very different from sisters. Mrs. Elbert Bronson, you know, must have a new costume in which to receive visitors in her own house, and no proud is more critical in such matters than her husband."

"True, my pet; but don't step to talk. Finish your breakfast and be off at once, if you want my company."

Thus adjured, Louie hurriedly, and, if truth must be told, rather nervously drank her coffee, and finished her meal. There was something else upon her mind, which she had not spoken, but knew she must speak. She was a wife who well supplied, at the time of her marriage, by the kind forethought of her father; but she had begun to construe with her usual liberality, and now it was empty. Her husband had given her money for their housekeeping expenses—a large sum, from his mother's calculation, was necessary for the first month. But he had not considered whether she needed anything for her personal expenditure, and, instead of volunteering the gift, she had accustomed only to receive money from the hands of her parents, hesitated, in a manner which to a person more especially her husband, was quite incomprehensible, to make known her wants.

Her father, to whom she had always known her perplexity, had said—

"You must now look to your husband, my daughter, for the supply of your wants. He is in every sense, bound to provide for you; and if he has not sufficient delicacy of feeling to supply you with money voluntarily, you need have no delicacy about asking him. I could give you money for your fall shopping, but I do not choose to do so, and thus make a precedent which Bronson may recall at some future period."

Louie was silenced. She knew that her parents had not given their consent to her marriage with Elbert Bronson, without many misgivings. They thought her kind and gentle, but too much absorbed in the infatuating process of money-getting, and too little accessible to the better impulses of humanity to be a congenial companion for one who had been so tenderly reared, and who was so sensitive as Louie.

On her marriage, her father had provided her with an elegant trousseau, and with all the plate and linen necessary for her house; had given her a sum of money sufficient for six months' expenses, and had paid into the hands of her husband twenty thousand dollars. Although he was a wealthy man, he might well feel, that while Bronson was evidently prosperous in business, and had already a fine fortune, Louie had no further pecuniary claims upon him.

Elbert Bronson had again taken up the newspaper, and did not observe his wife's confusion. She had finished her breakfast, and there was no further excuse for delay. The carriage had been ordered an half an hour, but there was no more than time for her toilet. So she rose, and creeping softly round the table, stood behind her chair. A painful blush spread over her face, and for the first time in her life, she hesitated. Then she put her arms about her husband's neck, and bending over him, she kissed his forehead. He moved a little, impatiently, for he was reading, but only said—

"There, there, run up stairs, Lou, and get ready, for I can't wait."

But as she still stood there, he turned round.

"Did you want anything, Lou?"

"Yes, dear, there is something I want. Look here;" and she displayed to him her elegant little purse, open and empty. He had caught sight of her hands, and was fondling it, but when he saw the purse, he dropped it, while something like a frown settled upon his brow.

"Ah, you want money, do you?" he exclaimed. "How much do you want, eh?"

Louie could not have answered that question, uttered in such a hasty, business-like voice, if for more than her present needs had depended upon it. She drew back from her husband, as though she had burnt into tears. Elbert did not observe this for some moments. He was rifling and counting out bank-notes in his pocket-book. He really did not know how much she required, so he turned to repeat his question. A more than feeling of contemptuous impulse would have put a sum into the little purse, and handed it to its fair owner. She would not have been the business-like wife.

So he turned round, and found Louie sobbing. He really loved his wife. She was almost as dear as his money, which he worshipped. And he was very sorry to see her cry.

Why, pray, what is the matter?" he said, pulling up and going to her, and holding out the money upon the table. "What is it, Louie? Don't cry about the money! I certainly did not dre what you had done with the sum I knew you had. But never mind. Here is some in your purse, and I will put all in the store. There, there, kiss me, and don't cry any more. But let me just say this, now," as she was leaving the room, "that if I have to invested in business, and our expenses are to increase, as they must necessarily do, it must be as prudent in personal expenses as possible. To live in this fine large house, to keep a carriage, and invite our friends to dine with us often, to keep up my position before the community as a successful business man, is a considerable item of advertising. But we must calculate closely to have our income meet our outgoings, and not be burned from the rooms. She did not, in the least, understand her husband, and she was not aware what thing she had done to make him angry. Simple economy. But she was exact-tempered and yielding; she always was so. She thought that she was unaccustomed to any responsibility. She was quite willing to trade for her husband, and to do her own, if she could have known how. But she knew that he was rich, and so she had not gone down a step in the social scale in marrying him, she could not rightly understand why she should not still have the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, and make her toilet harmonize with her dwelling, and other surroundings of wealth and taste.

But while she was dressing, the thought flashed into her mind, "perhaps it is because we know how young and thoughtless I am, that he is not those things. I was foolish to care." So she dried her tears, arranged her hair, and presently went down, all radiant with smiles, in her pretty carriage dress. Elbert was standing at the window. Horses were pawing the pavement before the door, and presently the husband and wife were rolling down Broadway, their splendid equipage and their handsome persons dividing the attention of the promenaders, for they were a handsome pair that was passing before them.

Louie's heart beat. Louie found that Elbert excreised his "taste" principally upon the prices of the goods she examined with the view of purchasing.

"This is a very handsome piece of silk," said Elbert, rubbing the fabric with his gloved hand. "It is among our last importations, and unique, I assure you, as well."

Louise was just about to order the requisite number of yards measured off, when her husband whispered in her ear:

"That piece is three dollars a yard, Lou, and there is one of the same quality a half, or more cents."

Louie looked at the piece indicated, and while pered in reply:

"That color does not suit my complexion, Elbert. I had rather have the other."

"Oh, very well, I thought you wanted my taste, and not a short time, she had been induced to accompany one of her sisters upon a short tour, which had been productive of much pleasure to both parties.

The tears rose to Louise's eyes, and a bitter thought would make itself heard—"It is the money he cares for."

But she repressed both tear and thought, and turned to her purchases. Another piece of silk was selected, at two dollars and a half, as more suited to her complexion, which she called her husband to see, but he declined, as he was busily using some articles at a distant counter. So she laid aside the piece she had first chosen, with a little sigh, and took the inferior one. "I am sure he will be pleased with that," she thought.

But he was not pleased when he had her different purchases. Several inferior articles were bought, such as her genuine good taste and knowledge of what harmonized with her appointments of house and equipage, would have led her to reject. But she could not bear to incur the reproach of that dark frown and haughty reply. At length her purchases were completed, and she still given to Mr. Bronson, by his request.

The brown returned, darker than ever, as he looked at its sum total. However, he was not inclined to make a scene in the presence of the clerks and loungers, so he paid the bill with a forced grace. But, no sooner were the pair again in their carriage, than his wrath burst forth. Poor Louie was overwhelmed by his bitter words. She could scarce herself of a single article, and upon all his suggestions, sacrificing her own wishes to his, in order to make the bill as small as possible; but while she timidly told him so, he only repeated:

"After my statement this morning, I confess I hardly expected such a display of extravagance."

She let Mr. Bronson down at his place of business, and then drove homewards. She had intended going to her dressmaker's, but she felt too disgusted. She had turned a new and sad leaf of her life-book, and she longed to be at home and alone to think of it, to seek to know her duty, and to learn if she was what she feared was before her. When she arrived at home, she went directly to her own room, and when her purchases were brought to her, she tossed them into a drawer, without looking at them, and shutting them, as she would have done a few months before, when in her father's house. The sight of even the papers that covered them was painful to her now. So she sat there up, and tried to forget that they must be taken out, and made up, and worn—that step in the process a reminder of the first frowns and the first tears that made that her husband had ever inflicted upon her.

When Mr. Bronson returned to dinner, he seemed to have forgotten the occurrence of the morning, and Louie met him a little paler, perhaps, than usual, but with a much more sweet smile. She had spent the interval in thought more serious than she had ever before entertained. She was a glimpse of the life that was before her; she saw that trials were her portion—those secret trials that humiliate so many of the heartbroken where should spring the fountain of the sweetest and purest solace. She realized now, for the first time, the unconquerable of tastes and temperament, that had made her husband what he was, and she loved her husband very devotedly. The one dark cloud among the clouds in her love; and she trusted and hoped, though vaguely, as a loving heart always will, in all hours of trial.

So she met her husband, at dinner, in the right, and she resolved with a gentle firmness, that could only have been imparted at the moment by the repented fiercely daughter, and was the isolated wife of his wealth, to take up her burden and bear them steadily and cheerfully. She resolved not to make her parents the sharers of her difficulties, though she felt that their experience and knowledge might lead them to regard her husband with diffidence and dislike.

So she met her husband quietly and cheerfully, though her heart ached, and all the while

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DAY AND NIGHT.

BY C. D. STUART.

Day.

Black Brahmin, the shepherd of the Night,
Tending his flock of stars—
Greets every watching by the moon's pale light,
Unless his sheep have flown.
Then, with his crook, he counts the flown,
Refreshed the virgin Morning wakes,
And from her golden eye-lids flashes
The Day, and Night is gone!

Night.

What glooms descend! the rosy-footed hours,
By glowing Phœbus led—
Afraid of him, amid Cimmerian towers,
With windscreen'd lamps to bed—
Shut out from Earth's light,
Blow, Boreas, blow! and let the Night
Decorate her sacred Rest, of Care,
And anger—by Night, by Night!

MY HOST.

A HIGHWAY ADVENTURE.

BY STEPHEN CORE, JR.

My business called me through the northern part of the State of Illinois, and I, a native Illinois farmer at Ottawa, intending to strike Rock River at Fulton's Mill. Further was an old friend, who had gone on some years before, and erected a mill upon one of the tributaries of the last mentioned river, for which purpose he brought a stock of goods with him. It was some out of my way, as my most direct route was over the prairie from Ottawa, whereas this took me over sixty miles further to it. However, I had learned that there was quite a good road to Rock River, and I turned my horse's head in that direction. I also started a time and concluded that, by such a course, I could reach the mill in two days.

During the first day my road lay through a country mostly old red, and as well traveled; but on the second day I got into a wilder region, and the road was little better than a ride-path through a dense forest. I passed no one residing, who could help me, except one. At the end of the latter I stopped and got some dinner. I found a young man in charge of the house, the father having gone to "the mills." I asked what mills they meant, and the old lady said they were "Fulton's mills."

From these people I learned that Foster's place was forty miles distant, and that they were the nearest after leaving two more by, between here and there was a small stopping-place called Dodd's, kept by Daniel Groome. They said he generally kept food for man and beast, and also had a good supply of liquor, especially whisky. His house was twelve miles from the mills.

This part settled me. I could reach Groome's by six o'clock, and there get some supper, and rest and bait my horse. Then I could easily reach Foster's by nine, as the moon was well on in its second quarter.

The good people refused to take anything for my dinner, but I bestowed half-a-dollar upon a three-headed urchin who was hunting around upon his bare feet, and then set forward again. There was another bit at the distance of half-a-mile, and a second about a mile off. I saw no more human habitations until I reached Groome's. I found the traveling fair as good as I had expected, and arrived at the forest inn at just half-past five.

This inn was situated upon a romantic spot, and, to a lover of isolated scenery, must have been a charming retreat. The house was built of logs, the outside surfaces hewn, and the seams filled with cement formed of some sort of fine, tough moss and pitch. There were three separate buildings to this house, the principal one being supplied with the guide to the road, and the other two upon either side, running out back at right angles. These were a turn a short distance off, with a piggery connected. Take it altogether, and it was quite a place for such a locality. A small stream ran close by, so that water was plentiful.

As I rode up to the door Mr. Groome himself came out. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a fiery red head, and a face of coarse and repulsive cast of ugly. But I was surprised when I heard his voice. I had expected a voice like the rest of the man, but instead of that his notes fell upon my ears like the speech of a woman. He smiled as he spoke, and I thought to myself how he must have smiled deceive one, for in conversation he seemed a different man.

I informed him that I was on my way to Foster's Mill, and should only stop long enough to eat and rest my horse, as I had to be there by nine o'clock.

"Can't do it," he said, shaking his head. "Can't do it, nohow."

"Ah—yes—humph."

Then he turned into the entry and called "Bo."

He came—a tall, stripping youth of one or two-and-twenty—with a red head, and features such as could belong to no one but a child of my host.

"Bo!" took my horse, and Mr. Groome led the way to the "stopping-place," as he called it. It was rough but comfortable; and the furniture consisted of a pine table, a bench, a cupboard, and four or five pine benches which were set against the walls. There were no chairs, these benches being sufficient to accommodate quite an assemblage.

Groome asked me if I would like "something warm?" I supposed he meant a hot supper, and told him so. He said I'd better take a little—"would do me good. But I reckoned I never used to—I find I felt better without it."

"But do you mean that you never drink whisky?" he asked, with elevated eye-brows.

"Never," I told him.

"Reckon, I s'pose; or mebby rule old git?" he pursued my host.

"No," I replied. "I don't use stimulating drinks at all."

"You don't?" burst from his lips, while he eyed me from head to foot. "Reckon you'd give wa'ter for your price, to hang up in my house. Never drink. How in many's name d'ye live? How do ye exercise when ye get wet and cold?"

"Why," said I, with a smile, "I get dry again as soon as possible."

"Dry!—my stars, I should think 'would be an everlastin' dry!" Groome cried. "Well—here I've lived, year in an' year out, goin' on to fifteen year, an' you're the first man I ever see'd who didn't drink a bit o' whiskey on top of a long journey. Fact—strange!—I do declare."

I told him I thought it very probable, and he then went out, and I heard him leave the house.

In half an hour my host returned, and he and that supper was ready. He led me to a back room, where a table was set quite respectably, the dishes being of blue ware, and nearly new. He said "Bo" sat down with me, and as I saw them attack the various articles of food, I felt assured them could be no poison in them. The usual concomitants of boiled potatoes, fried bacon, and new wheat bread; and I did ample justice to the repast.

"You think you must go on to-night?" said my host, while we were eating.

"Yes," I told him. "I wish to see my friend, and I shall gain considerable time by reaching his place to-night."

"Is he expectin' ye?" Groome asked.

"No," I answered.

"Perhaps he don't know that you're in this section at all?"

"No, he doesn't," I said. And I expected that my host would urge me to stay with him until morning; so I had my answers all prepared.

But he urged me not. He didn't urge any such thing. On the contrary, he said he thought I was wise in my determination. He would like my company, but it would be better for me to push on. I was quite relieved.

It wanted a quarter of seven when my horse was brought to the door. I took out my wallet, and asked what was to pay.

"Half a dollar," I paid it, and then asked of which was the most direct road.

"You see a road big as just over the barn there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, that's right in the road. When you come to that, you can't miss your way."

"But isn't there another road which follows this stream right down to the mills?" I asked; for I had been informed by the young man who had been in charge of the house at noon, that Groome's inn was right by the very stream which gave Foster his mill-power, and that the road followed it a-stream direct.

"Oh," said my host, looking off and looking off towards the stream, "that road—it's ill to travel now. T'other one's the best."

"But which is the most direct with it?" I asked.

"Why—the bridges are all washed away; and there's nothing here worth skin-saving. I tried it last week, and had to come back. The upper road is the matter of a mile or two further, but that's the best. Your best is the best, I'll give it."

I told him my horse would stand it well enough, and then asked where the road crossed over the stream.

"About three mile this side of the mills," he replied.

"It's all clear and direct?"

"Yes—you can't miss the way."

I bade my host good-by, and then started on. I didn't like the idea of a new road, at all. The youth, before mentioned, had told me what an excellent thing the former was to travel on, and why the river-road. He said it followed the stream, which was very near straight, and that it was light and open the whole distance. The river, of course, Groome knew, as I must make the best of it. I looked back at the house on the edge of the wood. I was upon a gentle eminence, and could overlook the clearing. I saw the father and son at the door. "He" going from the house to the barn. He had a saddle upon his arm. I was sure it was a saddle. Perhaps he was to attend to it.

Ere long, I entered the wood, and found it thick and gloomy. I came to the bridges. There were two, and evidently been once a traveled road. Appearances were so many around me that I would pay no heed of the roadside speak of the "old road." He said there used to be a road leading to Foster's Mill from Groome's inn, and, in the excitement, a new road was opened by the stream, and the old one abandoned. Groome was right as it was to the bridges.

At the distance of two miles, I came to a place where a bed of sand lay across the road. It was a sort of gully, and a stream must at some time have run through it, but now no water was upon it. Water had swept across there since my living had trodden it. I slid from my horse, and examined thoroughly; but I could find no tracks. The sand was loose, and the water must have—it could not have gone this way! And yet he had gone to Foster's Mills. I began to suspect accident. I looked around me on every side, and then I remounted, and rode on out of sight.

Suspicion is to think. Why was Groome so particular to know if my friend expected me? And then, why should he have been so anxious to have me set forward that night, instead of remaining with him, and paying him a dollar, or so, more than I had? Then, he—he—I believed I had been deceived. There had been no fresher to carry away bridges for it was now early Autumn, and the river road had been traveled all summer. And then, the saddle I had seen "Bo" carrying to the barn. There was surely mischief in all this. Daniel Groome had daughters at his house, and, perhaps others, whom he wished to have to bear the noise of a robbery. And, very likely, in one and one wish to have such a thing connected with his house at all. Of course, he knew I had money. No one would be travelling without a considerable sum.

If my pistols had been taken out, might they not have been left at the house? Yes, I had seen for from the right holster and examined it. The ball was in the pistol and the cap on. Still I was not satisfied. I stopped the cap off, and found the percussion composition removed. There was not a particle left within the cap. And this was not all. I found the tube spiked with a little pine stick!

Here was the secret, sure enough. I took my pocketknife, and succeeded in drawing out the stick; and then I examined the other pistol, which I found to be in the same plight. I stopped and went at the work in earnest. I had an excellent screw for removing bullets, and my pistol barrels were supplied in a very few moments. I had a serious objection to firing them off there in the woods, where the report might betray the knowledge I had gained. So I emptied them, and then snapped a cap upon each. I found them both clear, and then proceeded on with them, which I did carefully.

And now, how should I proceed? That this road, would lead me to Foster's Mills I had no doubt; and it would be scarce for me now to keep on that to turn back. So upon that point my mind was made up.

And next—which way would my host come? for that he meant to rob me I felt certain. Every circumstance—everything that had transpired between him and me—pointed to that one simple re-

sult. Would he go down the river-road a piece, and lead me off, or would he follow me directly on? Most likely the former. I considered upon it awhile, and then resolved to push on, and keep upon my guard.

The sun was down, and it grew dark in the deep wood; but the moon was already up, and as her beams fell brightest upon the road, she gave me considerable light when my eyes had become used to the darkness. Half an hour had passed since I looked to my pistols and just as I began to wonder if I had been mistaken, I heard the sound of a horse's tramp at no great distance. At first I was puzzled to tell in the direction from which it came, but in a moment I knew it was in advance of me, and upon my right hand, which was towards the river. I heard also where the horse had entered the stream.

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And now, how should I proceed? That this road, would lead me to Foster's Mills I had no doubt; and it would be scarce for me now to keep on that to turn back. So upon that point my mind was made up.

And next—which way would my host come? for that he meant to rob me I felt certain. Every circumstance—everything that had transpired between him and me—pointed to that one simple result. Would he go down the river-road a piece, and lead me off, or would he follow me directly on? Most likely the former. I considered upon it awhile, and then resolved to push on, and keep upon my guard.

The sun was down, and it grew dark in the deep wood; but the moon was already up, and as her beams fell brightest upon the road, she gave me considerable light when my eyes had become used to the darkness. Half an hour had passed since I looked to my pistols and just as I began to wonder if I had been mistaken, I heard the sound of a horse's tramp at no great distance. At first I was puzzled to tell the direction from which it came, but in a moment I knew it was in advance of me, and upon my right hand, which was towards the river. I heard also where the horse had entered the stream.

"About three mile this side of the mills," he replied.

"It's all clear and direct?"

"Yes—you can't miss the way."

I bade my host good-by, and then started on. I didn't like the idea of a new road, at all. The youth, before mentioned, had told me what an excellent thing the former was to travel on, and why the river-road. He said it followed the stream, which was very near straight, and that it was light and open the whole distance. The river, of course, Groome knew, as I must make the best of it. I looked back at the house on the edge of the wood. I was upon a gentle eminence, and could overlook the clearing. I saw the father and son at the door. "He" going from the house to the barn. He had a saddle upon his arm. I was sure it was a saddle. Perhaps he was to attend to it.

Ere long, I entered the wood, and found it thick and gloomy. I came to the bridges. There were two, and evidently been once a traveled road. Appearances were so many around me that I would pay no heed of the roadside speak of the "old road." He said there used to be a road leading to Foster's Mills from Groome's inn, and, in the excitement, a new road was opened by the stream, and the old one abandoned. Groome was right as it was to the bridges.

At the distance of two miles, I came to a place where a bed of sand lay across the road. It was a sort of gully, and a stream must at some time have run through it, but now no water was upon it. Water had swept across there since my living had trodden it. I slid from my horse, and examined thoroughly; but I could find no tracks. The sand was loose, and the water must have—it could not have gone this way! And yet he had gone to Foster's Mills. I began to suspect accident. I looked around me on every side, and then I remounted, and rode on out of sight.

Suspicion is to think. Why was Groome so particular to know if my friend expected me? And then, why should he have been so anxious to have me set forward that night, instead of remaining with him, and paying him a dollar, or so, more than I had? Then, he—he—I believed I had been deceived. There had been no freshet to carry away bridges for it was now early Autumn, and the river road had been traveled all summer. And then, the saddle I had seen "Bo" carrying to the barn. There was surely mischief in all this. Daniel Groome had daughters at his house, and, perhaps others, whom he wished to have to bear the noise of a robbery. And, very likely, in one and one wish to have such a thing connected with his house at all. Of course, he knew I had money. No one would be travelling without a considerable sum.

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